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Threno-Maria.

A

Rapsodicall Essay

ON THE DEATH

Of our late Gratious Soveraign QUEEN

MARY

Of Ever-Blessed Memory.

Καὶ τὸ ῥόδον καλόν ἐστι καὶ ὁ χειμὼν αὐτὸ μαραίνει.

Theoc.

By Mr. *Si. SEGAR.*

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Threno-Maria.

A POEM on the DEATH of Her SACRED MAJESTY THE LATE GRATIOUS QUEEN MARY, &c.

PLung'd ore in unexhauſted floods of Brine,
Not ſuch, which round ſad *Albions* Empire (twine
Their ſurly Waves: Nor in ſuch Streams that ſwell,
The hollow Veins of the *Pierian* Hill:
But in full Cataracts of that Extent,
The Eyes Alymbick never yet could Vent;

In

In ſuch vaſt Deluges of Tears, whoſe ſtores
And Crowding Conflux ſtopp'd the Optick Pores;
My ſtrugling Muſe at laſt has burſt my Brain,
And forces me a tributary Swain,
To pay the Homage of a Dolefull Strain:
To Mourn the Royal ſhades contracted date,
To Mourn the great *Maria's* hapleſs fate:
That complex perfect All *Maria*; who
When Stubborn Death had ſtruck the diſmall Blow,
Gaurded by glorious *Seraphs*, Slumber'd hence
Unto the Thrones of bleſt Omnipotence;
Whilſt the Extravagant Cæleſtial Choire,
Welcom'd her Advent with tranſported Lyres.

Oh! what ſweet Hymns, what Anthems did they frame?
What *Halleluja*'s tun'd were to her Name?
The Notes ſo charm'd, thro' uſe the buſie Throng,
Forgot the Accents of their Former Song;

That

That when their Wills attempted to rehearſe
Their dread Creator's facts in proper Verſe;
The ſilent ſtrings flagg'd frighted at the touch,
Nor could Angelick Art reduce them ſuch;
Maria ſtill, no other Sacred ſound,
Would ſhake an Ela the Horriſon round.

But where am I? Cloſe up my Muſe again.
The abrupt Numbers of a Mortal Pen
(Tho' ne're ſo pure, extracted or calcin'd,
Heaven-thought, and ſpun by an inſpired mind)
Can her bright *Zenith* blazon, or diſplay
The dazling Luſtre, where her narrow Ray
Creates one part o'th Everlaſting Day.
Cruſh therefore that Effort, and back retire,
Leaſt by to near Approach your Bard expire:
Our Sacrilegious Fancy muſt not pry,
Nor track the Steps of Immortality:

Come, leave the Empyrean Chambers, Come,
Center your flights within the Circle Home:
Let *Albion*, Let *Albions* wretched Iſle,
More curſt than our prime Parents barren ſoil,
Exhale your Sorrow to bemoan a while.
Or let your Howls in ſavage Features tell,
Th' immeaſur'd Loſs, when great *Maria* Fell;
The heaps of Tortures, the Convulſive greif,
The Horror that inwrapps our ſunk relief,
Our Agonies, Our Hell that ſtabb'd ſo late,
The throbbing Vitalls of our bleeding State.
But this is Labour too:—— A Work immence,
Excentrick from the ſcope of Human Sence.

What fit Words, ſuited ſymptoms, outward ſignes?
What marks, or what Characteriſtick Lines,
Can give the true Idea; And the Pain
Portray, the infant Globe did firſt ſuſtain,
(when tott'ring on the Hinges to and fro,

Thro'

Thro' *Adam*'s guilty Crime that damn'd it ſo.)
The nodding Weight ſway'd on the brink of Woe?
They who that Can the ſame Diſorders trace,
May paint with equal Stroaks *Brittania*'s Caſe:
All other Drafts will elſe be weak and bare,
Nor reach the heightn'd Paſſions ſuffer'd here.
Nay! Now I fear beyond Compariſon
Maria's Death, in the Effects brought on.

Lo! How a Chaos threat'ns its Return,
T' intomb within th' Abyſs of its own Urn
The Univerſal Machine:—See! The Light,
How eager it precipitates its flight,
And is ſcal'd o're with an Eternal Night.
The Cruſted frame:—Look! Crumbles down; The (Ball
Shrunk, at the News to ſenceleſs Atoms fall:
The Baſis fails; Both Poles and Axis Crack,
Th' Intelligences Faint, Their motions ſlack,
The toiling Orbs grown feeble heavy move,

The

The Aſtral Pow'rs amaz'd at random rove,
Since Bleſt *Maria*'s gone, they careleſs roul:
Since great *Maria's* fall; who was the Soul
Of Nature, and whoſe Virtues did Cement,
Th' intrinſick Concord in each Element.

Could Death's tyrannick force extend ſo far,
To Crop the Radix of the World in her?
An Emperour (th' Infernall Pit's chief brood,
More fat than other Monſtrous Feinds with blood.)
Once wiſh'd his Anger ſtrong enough to doom
A ſingle Blow, that ſhould disbowell *Rome*:
He limited revenge, Confin'd his Hate
One City's Ruine might him Satiate.
But this Grim Monarchs ſudden Avarice,
Ha's ſupermounted That, His Artifice
His ravinous Palate by one meal in groſs,
Hath quite Deſtroy'd whole Nations *Genius*;
And all confus'd decay: Unleſs *Naſſaw*

The

The pious Trouble for *Maria* awe:
Our *Roſes* fade, The *Cambrian* Feathers pale,
The *Thiſtles* their low heads ſupinely drail;
Batavia's Lyon reels the *Eagle* droops,
And trembling Spain beneath the burthen ſtoops,
Untill thy Pleaſure ſhall revive their Troops.

Rouſe therefore mighty Prince, revert the Clouds
Diſpell the Miſts and black Cimærian ſhrouds;
Tear thence the ſtupifying Cypreſs boughs,
That twiſt their Paleneſs on thy Laurell'd brows;
Serene thy Aſpect with a Sober Mirth,
As fluſh'd thy dear *Maria's* breathing Earth.
The Temper of the Climes are in Convulſe,
And ſwelling dangers puff up ev'ry Pulſe;
Their open Riſts for Comfort gape amain,
Nor will they ſhut their dreadfull Wombs again,
Till *France* repleat them with her Armies ſlain.
And thou Heroick *William* muſt be He;

If ought a Poet e're could Prophecie,
Or that his Prances can preſage events,
From paſt Tranſactions, preſent Accidents:
'Tis thy firm Hand together that muſt tye,
The broken Threads of *Europe*'s Deſtiny;
And root up the preſumptive Lilly'd Crown,
That urg'd thy Thunder and provok'd thy frown.
'Tis thou great *William* for our loſs and thine,
Muſt act the Scene of cold *Irena's Boyne*
In *Gallia*'s reeking Gleebs: Whilſt to reward
Death's Inſolence, who no *Maria* ſpar'd;
Thy Foes ſhall dye ſo faſt, the thronging ſtore
Shall Choke, and ſurfeit Death for evermore.
Go, haſt the Criſis then, Anticipate the fear;
Let Death's Cataſtrophe begin the year,
And after may thy Monarchy command
The wide-extended Ocean and the Land;
Or for thy Conſorts life late took away
(with gray.
May Heav'ns add Seav'ns to thee and crown thy head

How

How well *Maria* liv'd, Her conſtant Pray'rs
That Chain'd the bent *Jehovah's* liſtning Ears;
Her holy Flames, devout religious Fires;
Unſpotted Raptures and divine Deſires,
The Chaſt Devoirs that hung her Nuptial Bed;
The frequent Alms her ſcatter'd bounty ſpread,
Which with the Doner's now extinguiſhed:
The Sublime Meekneſs, decent Mercy ſeen;
The Symbols of a Godhead and a Queen;
Her mein Deportment and Majeſtick Grace,
The modeſt Smiles that beam'd her Orient Face,
Her Judgment, melting Language, Beautious form,
Her prompt diſcretion in a lowring Storm,
Her wit's large Magazines: How juſt ſhe ſway'd,
How much admir'd, how lov'd and how obey'd:
As thoſe Endowments boundleſs, did excell
Their Springs themſelves and grand Original:
Let Silence (the beſt Speaker) Comprehend,
For Tongues to apt Expreſſions cant aſcend.

FINIS.